



Cathy Gould

B

There's not much makes me as angry  
as disappointment  
**Beware of Falling Rock**

idols

Saw, instead,  
    a fourth-rate lounge act  
        coastin' by rote  
Months of anticipation gone down  
    to such a let-

However –  
It only served to substantiate my pos  
that this chicken  
at least

doesn't need to cross the road  
Our home-grown talent dishes up a full course feast  
as shown by the  
(undeservedly)  
underknown  
opening act

I want to hear  
and see  
and feel  
that raw edge

Want them to appreciate  
my appreciation

Want them to care  
at least  
as much  
as I do



She holds forth at the clubs

holds court

holds sway

(no holds barred)

As her protégés take turns requesting an audience

...she's usually the audience lately

In between

and

at the end

she's alone

All the fair young men

gone off to somewhereelse

She's living life variously

precariously

vicariously

Through three-minute

musical

vignettes



# Direct Male Campaign

Gonna start a campaign for a  
Direct Male  
Seems I've seen this scene before

I asked a candid question  
attempting to ascertain the lay of the land  
to allay my uncertainties  
And y'all think it's time for

## PANTOMIME QUIZ

I'm being obliterated  
by the bleakness  
of obliqueness  
Cryptic rebuffs  
cripple me

I want to know Why  
not just to challenge  
but to learn

Maybe the brusqueness is backlash  
from growing up with all the  
gender-generated  
garbage

Could be too much  
to expect empathy  
from the traditional victims

Or  
(feminists, forgive me)

Could be  
our fault?

Maybe the gentlemen  
had no good examples  
of gentle rejections

Don't know how guys make it to maturity  
Rejection  
in any form  
is rough stuff

Right now  
my id est r e e l i n g  
from a barrage of low blows

No balls  
Strike three for me  
I'm out  
I'm not  
c o n n e c t i n g with the ball  
at all

Guess I haven't learned the right way  
to swing

What We Have Here  
is a Failure  
to Communicate

I'm being refused things  
I never requested

Someone stumped Dear Abby once

woman wanted tips on non-lethal turn-downs  
Shoot  
If even Abby don't know no ways  
nowise  
nohow

How  
the hell  
should we?



# Weather Report

Have you ever seen the rain  
pourin' down  
on a sunny day?"

yeah

opposing fronts  
thunderheads at loggerheads

finally burst

it's rainin'  
in my heart

...called the weatherman

odd

he said he saw nothin'

but

blue skies



# The Pas De - deuce, You Say!

Hey man

I dig your music

you dig?

just have not

yet

got

the beat

What with each of us bein'

a sorta' se • par • ate • ly syn <sup>co</sup> pa tin'

cat

(different drummers and all that)

I tango to two-steps

foxtrot to polkas

... haven't danced

to someone else's song

in so o o I o n g

I've grown used to leading

my own life

my own way

Kinda clumsy yet

in this duet

but who knows

Maybe

with some practice.....

# I

# t's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House

That man knows how to play my instrument  
keeps me in tune

Charges my battery  
lubricates my chassis  
s l i i d es his key into my ignition  
and keeps my motor runnin'

Fine-tunes my console  
adjusts the vertical hold  
the horizontal hold  
the perpendicular hold

- I **love** that holding pattern!

He's laid back  
laid bets  
laid carpet  
laid odds  
and laid  
low

Stokes my furnace  
fuels my fire  
fans my flame  
and hauls my ashes

-he's the only man bake jelly roll  
with his damper down



Thought you said you couldn't dance!

Haven't yet seen you on a dance floor  
but seems to me  
the other night  
we ran the whole Arthur Murray routine

Tender tempestuous tarantella  
sensuous samba  
not to mention moments  
of a truly memorable mamba

Darlin'  
I'll tango with you  
among the sheets  
any ol' time you want



We come to each other  
with a lifetime's stock  
of deep-piled debris

Old hurts

fears

angers

We created ways

of surviving

coping

...Sometimes it's difficult  
to abandon these ways

They seem to have stood us in

good stead

- or -

instead of good?

It can be frightening

threatening

to unclench our fists-full

of familiar flotsam

to risk the uncertainty

of new behaviours

Please—

believe me—

I know.

Our dumpsters are spilling over

It's time

to call Acme Sanitation

...haul the refuse out to the compost heap

and

when it  
br e a k s up

we can plant a

Victory Garden

I'm sure

with a bit of c

r

p o l l i n a t i o n

s

s

we'll find flowers

within